

Under the yellow light of the bulb, a bent form remains hunched; its posture leaning forward, visage facing down, oily locks of unkept hair hanging down over the paper like a weeping willow. The engulfed head is supported by an arm, elbow placed upon desk and left side of jaw in palm. The right hand idly clicks and fidgets with a ball-pen, sleeves of a worn plaid shirt race up the bony arm till its wrist bone, whereas the left arms sleeve falls half way down the pale lightly-haired forearm. The shadow-cast head is nestled at an angle with eyes looking down past the nose, the only protrusion that catches the light of the lightbulb. The bedraggled appearance intensifies in horror as the silhouette projects its shadow across the table into the gloom of the cold surrounding room. The long locks of clumped hair appearing medusa-like upon the grey surface.

Thoughts swirl within the still aether around the leaning figure. Focus upon reading the text. Yes. ". . . the goal of this study is to demonstrate that moral convictions and moral judgments . . ." . . . but yesterday he asked me and I forgot. . . today you watched too much videos, what a waste of time, at least you are now reading. No, focus. ". . . the goal of this study is to demonstrate that moral convictions and moral judgments in politics are causally affected by harm associations and moral emotions." . . . what did I just read. Man, I can't even . . . let me just skip it. . . God, if I can't even focus. I need to focus; I need it read for tomorrow. No, enough. I need to write.¹ Such string of entwining concepts and energies reverberated around the posted figure, obviously unseen by the physical eye, unfelt by the five physical senses; yet still inexplicable there, flowing, existing, being born, and whisking away in perpetual death.

The deep reverie of this individual is inseparable from their identity, they must write, for content is reared from such actions. The life of an author is encompassed in visible gloom (described in first paragraph) and unseen in the genius of the mind (illustrated in second section). As Poe, as Marx, as Bradbury, as I. Like Quiroga, like Kafka, like Neruda, like I.²

¹ Proceeds to write this text.

² This untitled piece of literature shall remain, by due respects to the author: anonymously written, undated, and untitled but may be distributed under the name "Under the Yellow Light of the Bulb".